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Problem Family



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Chapter 1 by Amour

Freddie sat hunched in the corner of his bedroom, his favorite plush toy, a dog now worn-out from five years of drool and cuddling which he named Doge on his lap. He covered his eyes with his hands, willing everything to disappear at that moment. Now all he see is black and he believes that everything did disappear, but he can still hear his parent's muffled argument in the kitchen. They are fighting again, and Freddie didn't know why. He was just watching "The Backyardigans" on TV when the front door bang shut and his parents started to yell at each other. It sounded bad so he crept up to his room as slowly and as quietly as possible. He doesn't want to interrupt them. The last time he did try to interfere his daddy slapped him hard across the face without warning then sent him to his room. It made his cheek hurt bad and he doesn't want it to happen ever again.

Downstairs, he heard the kitchen utensils rattle and clang. Freddie whimpered and he tucked himself deeper into the corner. He moved his hands from his eyes to his ears. He pressed it hard against his ears, hoping to block the shouts and the racket out. He hummed and rocked himself. Eventually, he fell asleep.

Later, he woke up stiff from his position. He looked at the wall clock and figured that he had slept for two hours. His tummy rumbled and he crawled out of his corner and tiptoed downstairs to the kitchen to get a chocolate bar. It was silent now.

"Mammy? Papa?" he called out.

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The door to the kitchen was ajar. He pushed it open.

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